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TRIBUNE TERMS TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.

Single	1 year.	3 mos.	1 mo.
Daily, 7 days a week, \$10.00	\$10.00	\$3.00	\$1.00
Daily, without Sunday, 6 days a week, \$9.00	\$9.00	\$2.70	.90
Sunday Tribune, 1 day a week, \$1.00	\$1.00	.30	.10
Weekly Tribune, 1 day a week, \$1.00	\$1.00	.30	.10
Semi-Weekly Tribune, 2 days a week, \$2.00	\$2.00	.60	.20
Tribune Monthly, 1 day a week, \$2.00	\$2.00	.60	.20

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OFFICES OF THE TRIBUNE.—Main office of the Tribune, 124 Broadway, New York. Main upstairs office, 124 Broadway, New York. Address all correspondence simply "The Tribune," New York.

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police at Toledo in return for a \$500 reward. Muller had not completed his testimony when the court adjourned on Friday night, and will resume his seat in the witness-chair to-morrow morning. The trial is expected to last throughout the greater part of the week.

Widespread satisfaction will be felt on both sides of the Atlantic to learn that Mr. Gladstone was so much better yesterday afternoon as to enable him to proceed to Brighton. With a man of his great age even the most trivial ailments assume a gravity they would not possess under ordinary circumstances, and it is therefore not surprising that his condition on Friday should at one moment have given rise to serious apprehensions, now happily dispelled.

Inasmuch as the inclement weather and the advent of winter have brought to a close the football, horse-racing and baseball seasons, popular interest in sporting matters will be devoted, during the next few days at any rate, to the great triangular billiard tourney which begins to-morrow evening at the Madison Square Garden, and is to last until Saturday night. The contestants will be Frank C. Ives and Jacob Schaefer, both of Chicago, and George F. Slosson, of this city, and the contest is declared by experts as destined to prove the most important National billiard tournament that has ever taken place in this city.

THE OUTRAGE IN PARIS.

The bomb explosion in the French Chamber of Deputies is a startling incident of Anarchist warfare upon civilized government. The legislative session was not largely attended, and the proceedings were not of exciting interest, a dull debate on the election of M. Mirman dragging when the astounding interruption came from the galleries. A dynamite bomb was suddenly flung into the centre of the Chamber, where it exploded in the air with terrific force, injuring many Deputies. The fact that it exploded near the head of a Socialist Deputy indicates that the bomb-thrower had no personal animosity. There was nothing in the nature of the legislative proceedings to provoke the special resentment of the Anarchists. A day was chosen when the galleries were not crowded and when the miscreant could handle his dynamite bomb without attracting attention. It was an act of defiance deliberately aimed against constituted authority. The Chamber of Deputies was the recognized centre of legislative power and public law. The exploding bomb was a challenge from a body of fanatics who have proclaimed unrelenting warfare upon public authority.

The mental responsibility of the bomb-thrower remains to be determined. It is possible that this was the individual act of some half-witted creature, whose brain had been turned by political discussion in wine-shops. It is more probable that it is a genuine Anarchist demonstration, and that it is the first skirmish in an aggressive campaign against public law. Coming, as it does, after similar outrages in Spain, Germany and Chicago, it is an unerring indication of the necessity for organized action in defence of public institutions. The Anarchists, according to their own estimates, number at least thirty thousand in Europe and America. They are teaching and preaching with fanatical ardor a gospel of destruction. The resources of civilization will have to be pitted against them or else all forms of human government will be endangered and overthrown.

While the Anarchists have been strongest in numbers and most active in their press work in London and New-York, the police of those cities have been unceasing in vigilance, and have prevented dynamite outrages. Paris is a better base of operations for them, because it has a Radical and almost Socialist population which has often expressed sympathy for the deeds of fanatics and political outlaws. The explosion of this dynamite bomb may be the signal for a recoil against revolutionary doctrines which have fascinated too often the imagination of a reckless and capricious populace.

TAMMANY BLACKMAIL AND EXTORTION.

The people of New-York are getting their eyes opened. They have suspected for a long time that Tammany Hall has conducted an organized system of blackmail upon the vice and crime of the metropolis. The revelations and exposures which have been made by Dr. Parkhurst and his assistants have left no further room for doubt or uncertainty on that point. Every intelligent New-Yorker must now see clearly that the very source of Tammany strength, the citadel of its power, is in extortion and blackmail. It can no longer be disputed or denied that the campaign funds of the Tammany organization, and by consequence a most important part of the campaign funds of the Democratic State and National committees, have depended largely upon tributes levied upon gambling-hells, dives and disorderly houses. The local, State and National organizations of the Democratic party also profit heavily by taxing candidates and officeholders, by collections from respectable and illegal schemes and combinations, and by deliberate and cold-blooded blackmail of corporations, Democratic and Republican. It is obvious that the system of collecting revenue from every disorderly house, such as those recently raided by the police, from every gambling-den, from every policy-shop and from every liquor-saloon, has been perfected by Tammany Hall, and has been carried out in all its details with remorseless rigor.

In these ways the Tammany campaign funds have been swollen to enormous proportions, and the contributions of Tammany to the State and National committees have been liberal. But a heavy percentage of the fruits of this system of extortion and blackmail has tarried on the way to the campaign coffers. A considerable share of it has been detained by certain members of the police force. That is too evident now for question or denial. A lucrative fraction of it has inflated the incomes of certain favored political leaders and henchmen. The wealth amassed by certain police captains and other officials, the swiftly expanding fortunes of certain men of influence in local politics, are not difficult of explanation, when the extent and character of the ways and means and avenues of extortion in this city are thoroughly understood.

It is not only the vice and crime of New-York that are robbed so relentlessly for the benefit of Tammany and the Democratic party. The corporations are compelled to give up large sums. Authorized representatives of Tammany Hall and of the Democratic State machine visit the offices of the corporations, especially in the course of great campaigns, and bleed the corporations without stint. Threats of hostile legislation at Albany are extremely effective agents of depletion. These Democratic blackmailers make their demands upon corporations controlled by Democrats, as well as upon those controlled by Republicans. All is grist which comes to their mill. But they will be less active in the future than they have been in the past. They will have no power at Albany this winter, and the exposures which have been made of Tammany methods have been so complete

and overwhelming that their operations will be considerably embarrassed hereafter. The Grand Jury, however, ought to set up some serious obstacles to the further maintenance of systematized blackmail and extortion in this city in the interest of corrupt political organizations, and trial juries ought to stamp it out altogether.

BARBOSA AND BARRUNDIA.

"La Prensa," the most influential journal in the Argentine, relates a remarkable incident of the Brazilian civil war. Ruy Barbosa, formerly Minister of Finance under the Provisional Government of President Deodoro and more recently an ally of Admiral Mello, took passage from Buenos Ayres in a Royal Mail steamer for Rio, intending to have his family join him there on the ship and to proceed with them to Bahia and possibly to England. When the Magdalena arrived at Rio the Peixoto Government issued warrants for his arrest upon the ship. Admiral Lang, commanding the British squadron in the harbor, received information of the Government's purpose and took measures to prevent Barbosa's arrest. When Peixoto's officers boarded the steamer they encountered fifty men from a British man-of-war. The detachment was heavily armed and had a rapid-fire gun. Peixoto's officers retired without attempting to serve their warrants. Barbosa, learning that an attempt would be made to arrest him at Bahia, where there would be no British man-of-war to protect him, changed his plans and returned to Buenos Ayres by another steamer. His family, however, were immediately put under arrest in Rio.

This action of Admiral Lang in preventing the arrest of a political offender under the British flag in Brazilian territorial waters revives memories of the Barrundia affair. General Barrundia had been Secretary of War in Guatemala and a candidate for the Presidency. Driven into exile, he had become a revolutionist during the war between Guatemala and Salvador. He took passage in a Mexican harbor on the Pacific Mail steamer *Acapulco*, bound for Panama and intermediate ports. The Guatemalan Government attempted to arrest him in Champerico, and Captain Pitts appealed to the American Minister, Mr. Mizner. At San Jose the *Acapulco* anchored not far from two American men-of-war, and Captain Pitts again refused to surrender General Barrundia without positive orders in writing from the American Minister. Those orders were sent to the ship. The Guatemalan officers boarded the vessel to make the arrest. General Barrundia fought for his life, and was shot down and assassinated on the deck with the American flag flying. This outrage occurred while American cruisers were close at hand.

The Barrundia affair was thoroughly investigated by the Harrison Administration. Secretary Tracy strongly censured the conduct of the naval officers. Secretary Blaine, in a long review of the case under date of November 18, 1890, disavowed the acts of Minister Mizner as utterly without justification, pronounced his usefulness in Central America to be at an end and relieved him from office. The Minister was condemned for permitting himself to furnish warrant and excuse "for arbitrary and violent proceedings, without even the semblance of legal forms and authority, on the deck of an American vessel, which thereby became the scene of confusion, of danger and of assassination." He was reminded that he had been informed by Captain Pitts that General Barrundia would probably resist arrest, and that the time was one of great disorder when ordinary law was suspended and life and liberty were at the mercy of the rulers and of an excited populace. Secretary Blaine expressed his astonishment that the Minister, instead of consenting officially to the arrest of General Barrundia, had not directed Commander Reiter to take the refugee on board the *Hanger* within or without the waters of Guatemala, and thereby followed humane and recognized precedents which have been sanctioned by civilized Governments.

The action of the Harrison Administration in the Barrundia affair was violently assailed by partisan critics in the press of this town and elsewhere. The right of the Guatemalan officials to make the arrest and to take the prisoner off an American steamer was loudly defended, and the course of the State and Navy departments was fiercely and wantonly condemned as contrary to the principles of international law. A few years have passed, and a British admiral is now found to be acting in a parallel case precisely as the Harrison Administration thought that Minister Mizner and Commander Reiter ought to have acted in the Barrundia affair. When Peixoto's officers undertook to arrest Barbosa under the British flag firing gun to defend him. He was not shot down like a dog under that flag with the connivance of the British Minister and the fleet.

THE PASSING OF BRODSKY.

Let us draw near and muse for a moment on the passing of Brodsky. For Brodsky has gone over. Not over the river into the misty and mysterious Beyond. May that day be far off. Or, as Governor Flower would say under the hypnotic influence of Professor Collins, "Serus in coelum redent." Brodsky has gone over to East Fourteenth Street. Not by any beating of drums or music of bands or any demonstration of unusual hilarity in the Wigwam do we know it. For the Sachems and Sagamores and Wiskinkies of East Fourteenth Street are not just now in a hilarious mood. Care sits on the brow of Croker, and the time between drinks is devoted to deep thinking by the General Committee. The morning odor of an all-night bar-room pervades the atmosphere; statesmen go tiptoeing round as if in dread of the subtle and slippery banana peel; and, instead of the cheery "Set 'em up all 'round for the boys," there is only the sullen, solitary order for individual cocktails or the swilling swig of the solitary soaker. They did not rise up on their hind legs in Tammany Hall and vent their enthusiasm in cheers; they did not even "set 'em up again" when Brodsky's coming was announced. No fireworks were touched off; no high-priced band or orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief" or "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." It was not from Tammany itself that the intelligence was flashed that in her beating bosom the bold, bewildering Brodsky had buried his bruised hopes and disappointed ambitions. Johnny Brodsky told of it himself.

Johnny has had already what may without exaggeration be called a career. He has been a Republican district leader. Not leader only, but dealer; which is a very simple anagram. His great successes have been rather in dealing than in leading. For his dealing has been of that sort that a Republican running for office in his district who should ask before opening the game the familiar question, "Who dole de cards?" and should be answered, "Johnny Brodsky," would be entirely justified in laying down four kings and remarking "I pass out." As a dealer he was always a howling success. It is not known that he ever lost a trick; he was always full of them. In a primary he was as fluent as a book agent, as energetic as a head waiter in a hash house, as quick in his movements as a "film-film" operator, as confident as a bunco-steerer and as smooth and

plausible as a lightning-rod man. He had reasons for being a Republican—substantial ones. He was popular. Such a voice as he had for arresting the attention of the busiest barkeeper! Such a wave of the hand as he said, "Set 'em up once more!" And such a hand for a corker! And he never got left. Whatever purpose of the ticket he always came up smiling. And the good feeling there always was between him and his opponents! It was almost fraternal. No good man could witness it without being touched by it. Many earnest Republicans were really touched by it. Sometimes for ten, sometimes for a hundred.

And now Johnny has gone over to East Fourteenth Street. "There are really no great issues between the parties now," he said in announcing his conversion; "it came down to a question of local issues. The Republicans didn't want me. The Democrats did. I go where I am wanted." Explanation could not be more ample. What Johnny sets store by is "issues"—"great issues." He must have them. No issue less than a ten, and so, in the absence of "great issues between the parties," he has gone over where he was "wanted." How much he was "wanted" by Tammany does not clearly appear. But they seem to be enlisting more Brigadier-Generals than privates in East Fourteenth Street this year.

DO WE THINK TOO MUCH?

The marvellous intellectual development of the world during the last four hundred years has led many people to fear that the human race is thinking too much—that, in fact, the human brain is in danger of destroying itself by its abnormal activity. A writer in "The Pall Mall Budget," for instance, who possibly does not expect to be taken with entire seriousness, predicts that man is now tending to develop into a cabbage-shaped, cricket-like creature, hopping about on his hands and dragging behind him the atrophied remnants of his unused body and legs. He will, in a word, be simply an enormously developed brain. While the conceit does not merit any serious notice, it reflects a belief more or less consciously entertained by large numbers of people, who are at once impressed and appalled by the movement and complexity of modern life.

But those who think thus prove thereby that they, at least, are in no imminent danger of thinking too much. For their judgment is almost wholly a superficial one. Paradoxical as it may seem, the most serious indictment that can be brought against our age to-day is that it does not think enough. Just as in every other period of its history, the world to-day has nearly all its thinking done for it by a few specialists. The average man has no time to think, except in the grooves made for him by such intellectual giants as Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, Browning, Tennyson and Martineau. All he does, and in fact all he has time to do, is to act as the willing pack-horse of the thinker, by executing his plans for the progress and betterment of the race. We would not depreciate the importance of this work. On the contrary, the docility of the unthinking multitude in following the leadership of a few great original thinkers has been the moving cause of the modern renaissance of human life, in which we all rejoice. We no longer administer a draught of henlock to a bold thinker; nor do we burn at the stake the man who discovers a new law of Nature. Certain theologians mourn loudly at what they suppose to be the incincerity of the age. But, in truth, the age is inclined to be too credulous because it is both unable and unwilling to do its own thinking. Immersed, as it is, in the continuous and multiplied activities that characterize modern life, it is entirely content to accept as true what its teachers declare to be true.

But it is obvious that this state of affairs cannot continue indefinitely. Man is a thinking being. The Sanscrit root stem of the word man is itself proof that he has always been so regarded. Worthy as the world's thinkers are of the deference now paid them—and in most cases they are supremely worthy—their commission will one day expire by limitation; or rather it will be merged in the larger commission which imposes upon every conscious being the obligation to prove all things and to hold fast that which is good. The poverty of thought to-day is not due to any inherent weakness of intellectual development in the mass of the people, but simply to the rapid pace of modern progress in things material, which leaves no time for introspective thought. We are all trying as best we may to assimilate and digest the results of past ages of thought and speculation. When that process is completed the world will face the fact that in the last analysis mind is incomparably greater than matter, and every man will begin to realize that his own mind is a microcosm, however imperfect, of the Divine Mind. While on the one hand he will have learned from the thinkers whom he now so blindly follows how to think himself, the progress of the mechanic and industrial arts will have given him leisure for thought and intellectual culture, which is not now possible except to the few who are able to withdraw themselves from active life. Then will be realized, in a way never yet realized, the prophetic boast of the philosopher: "I think; therefore I am."

MATERIAL FOR OPERA HOUSE.

If the late lamented M. Offenbach were alive to-day he would find in the second Cleveland Administration a richer fund of material for his peculiar workmanship than he ever saw in the nonsense of petty Gorman courts or the legendary lore of France. Mr. Blount is infinitely funnier than General Bona, and Lilliputian can give La Marjolaine points in the game all through. The air is thick with amusement. The sort of the Paramount with Lindley Murray and all the microphants of rhetoric shuddering in the middle distance; lovely woman in the person of the Silhouette Queen waiting like Andromache for her wooden-headed Perses; Cleveland and Gresham made up for Chernob with beautiful faces and nothing to sit down upon, hovering over the apothecosis—these and other aspects would have furnished M. Offenbach with an opportunity de luxe.

But through all the insoluble maze of Mr. Blount's fonderings, and escaping as it were from the Cretan labyrinth of his intellectual processes, we discern the tableau of Secretary Gresham seated on a dais surrounded by his chorus and his censer-bearers, with the shade of Josiah Quincy in the atmosphere, and with young Mr. Strobel enveloping the group in a flabby rapture. The time has come. The fatal hour impends. The whole story of the Administration rests upon the issue. Forth from the sacred recesses of the State Department troop the haughty clerks, repositories of the mysterious diplomacy of the consecrated one, guardians of a secret that in its exposition would not shock a dyer. Gresham, the inventor of finesse, the high priest of civility, the only legitimate successor of the Duke of Barataria, Premier to Don Quixote de La Mancha—Gresham waits to swoon these palpitating millions by the great horn spoon, by the chin whiskers of the Prophet, by everything terrible and dark never, never to reveal the idle nothings of the Clevelandian dispensation. He has perceived a

phantom leak. Somewhere a drop of wisdom has trickled through. Here and there a citizen, meaning no harm and innocent of wicked purpose, has caught the vapor of a hint and had his obtuseness deepened. This must be stopped at any cost, and Gresham—type of the bewildering in statesmanship and the ineffable in diplomacy—Gresham prepares for his underlings an oath of terrible significance.

All this would be execratable enough, but in the light of Mr. Cleveland's message it is literally agonizing. How can the State Department clerks disclose anything when neither the President nor his Jacques Strop for the time being knows anything himself? Why should they be sworn to secrecy at dead of night, with a candle smoking high up the stage and bones and strange hair disposed in evidence, when they are quite as ignorant as their chiefs with one exception? It is now notorious that Blount discovered nothing in Honolulu. It is equally evident that neither Mr. Cleveland nor Mr. Gresham has an idea—not even as to the limitations of the Constitution. Why, then, are these occupants of three-legged stools called down and summoned to the presence of the Secretary, to be stupified by strange omens and warned against sins that they cannot possibly commit?

Mr. Gresham is unwell. Like the Moccasin Snake in August he is blind and suicidal. Stomping in August he wounds himself. He would be tragic if he were not ridiculous. He would be terrible if he were not otherwise. His clerks can tell nothing because they do not know it. He himself could not make a disclosure unless to the effect that the Administration is in a hole of his industrious digging. The whole country is waiting for the upshot of a fiasco. Nobody understands the wherefore of Blount; nobody conjectures the relevancy of Gresham; and yet the Secretary of State is swearing in his myriads to conceal what they do not even imagine, and threatening them as against performances of which they are utterly incapable.

Why did M. Offenbach die so soon? For what reason was he removed while as yet Gresham had not developed the ultimate possibilities of burlesque?

The surface railroad company in Brooklyn controlling the largest number of trolley cars has decided to attach to each of its cars the fender which has been tried with good results on the electric cars in Boston. This is a contrivance which projects a short distance in front of the car, and when it strikes a person the tendency is to throw him up on the fender, instead of hurling him to the ground and running over him. The use of this device is clearly in the interest of the public at large. The cable cars in this city ought also to be provided with a similar attachment.

Alexander III's sudden and unexpected decree ordering the immediate acquisition by the Government of three great trunk lines of railroad in return for a sum of money to the shareholders altogether inadequate as far as the value is concerned, was prompted not only by strategic and military considerations, but also by the discovery of gross administrative abuses in the management of the railroads, calculated to impair their efficiency as a means of transport both in time of peace and time of war. It was found that the sums of money that should have been spent in the maintenance of the permanent road and of the rolling stock had been divided among the directors and the principal officials, who were in the habit of voting to themselves large bonuses. This action on the part of the Czar will, however, result in still further discouraging the investment of foreign capital in Russia.

It is an interesting and significant fact that the managers of the Midwinter Exposition in San Francisco have decided to keep the gates of their fair open on Sundays, in spite of some agitation on the part of the churches in favor of Sunday closing. The situation is, to be sure, different from that in Chicago, since the World's Fair directors had accepted the Government's appropriation on condition that the Exposition should be closed on the first day of the week; but after Sunday opening was decided on the attendance was trifling except on the last few Sundays.

On such a day as yesterday a man doesn't need to be a poet in order to be warmed in sighing for "a beaker full of the warm South," or of the cold North, for that matter.

There is no truth whatever in the report that a conference of Republican politicians was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel or elsewhere on Thursday, or at any other time, at which questions of patronage and policy, in connection with the organization of the next Legislature, were determined or discussed. There has been no such conference since the election. No three of the persons named in the printed report of such a conference have at any time since election been together. The next Legislature will organize without any effort on the part of any boss or set of bosses, any committee or combination whatever, to control its actions. The next Speaker of the Assembly will be as free of any restraint or compulsion in the organization of the committees as such an officer ever was in the history of this Republic. And any and all reports to the contrary are simply false.

Occasional failures of justice under Mr. Nicol's administration of the District-Attorney's office are painfully suggestive of what will occur when Colonel Fellows ceases to live a simple Christian life and again becomes a public prosecutor.

It is a wise man who knows when he has had enough. Mayor Boody has made up his mind that he has, and announces his purpose never to accept public office again. Nothing in his official career becomes him like the leaving of it. Seeing that he was beaten by a plurality of over 200,000, it betokens good sense on his part to consider his retirement to private life permanent. He says he has gained experience which he thinks may be valuable to him, and he regrets nothing that has "transpired along the line of natural experience." There is an occult meaning here which the retiring Mayor ought to elucidate for the benefit of future Democratic aspirants for the Mayoralty. "Natural experience"? Is there an esoteric allusion in this to the influence laid by the Ring and Gang upon Mr. Boody? But, surely, in view of the circumstances in which he was made a candidate, the Mayor cannot think there was anything "unnatural" in that. If he had had his eyes open he could have expected nothing else.

If "raw materials" are not put on the free list and if ad valorem duties are not universally adopted the Simon-pure Free Traders will be in duty bound to repudiate the Wilson bill in toto.

What is the matter with the British Foreign Office? We have been waiting patiently to hear that the English Minister to Hawaii has been recalled in disgrace, but the news does not come. It is now over two weeks since the full text of "Paramount" Blount's report was published, and surely there has been plenty of time for Lord Rosebery to act. It will be remembered the English Minister followed Minister Stevens's example last January and promptly recognized the Provisional Government. According to Mr. Blount, he did this because he was convinced that the Provisional Government had Mr. Stevens's support and that it would be folly for the Queen to resist the United States. It strikes us that, if Blount reports the facts correctly, this is not the kind of a man Great

Britain should have to represent her large interests in Hawaii—a man who will, without a word of protest, knuckle down to the American Minister and allow himself to be hoodwinked into the recognition of a government illegally established and hostile to English influence. Can it be that Lord Rosebery has not heard of Blount's report, or has the English Minister